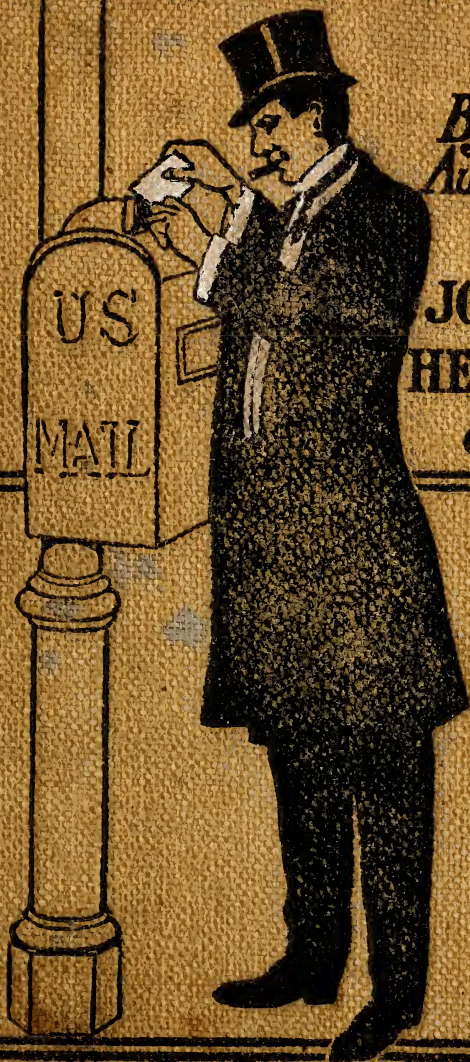


BEAT IT

*By the
Author
of*

**JOHN
HENRY**
etc.




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HOBART, GEORGE V.

BEAT IT!

By HUGH McHUGH

(George V. Hobart)

AUTHOR OF

"JOHN HENRY," "DOWN THE LINE WITH JOHN HENRY,"
"IT'S UP TO YOU," "BACK TO THE WOODS,"
"OUT FOR THE COIN," "I NEED THE MONEY,"
"I'M FROM MISSOURI," "YOU CAN SEARCH ME,"
"GET NEXT," "SKIDDOW!" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
GORDON H. GRANT



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BEAT IT!

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To my Friend, John L. Golden.

Dear Jack :—After the tenth tome was on the market I promised myself that never again would I disturb the Anvil Chorus or flash the red flag of defiance at the Knockers' Union by writing another John Henry Book.

But my publishers dogged my footsteps so insistently that there was no escape. So here is Number Eleven, and here's a health to you, Jack!

To the Hammer Club, and to all the Handlers of the Harpoon, I have only this to say—beat it!

G. V. H.

BEAT IT!

CHAPTER I

JOHN HENRY ON POKER PLAYING

DEAR BUNCH : So now
you're at Monte Carlo,
eh?

Gee! you and Alice must be having the time of your lives hiking over Europe, handing out good money to hotel clerks and bad French to hotel waiters all day long.

Oh, what bliss, what joy must be your portion, Bunch, when you squeeze into one of those French

cafés, grab a French menu card, glance over the “ready-to-serves,” and in a confidential tone give an order like this to your French waiter: “*Avec le beaucoup pomme de terre. Donnez-moi de l’eau chaude; je vais me raser. Avec get a move on you!*”

Then in a French hour and a half your French waiter hurries back and serves you a culinary melodrama wherein each swallow is a thrill and your stomach gets up and yells at every climax.

I can see you and Alice sitting there, spilling Schenectady French all over the tablecloth, while the waiter gets a stone bruise on his palate from holding back his Parisian laughter.

Now don't wrinkle the map when you read this, Bunch, because I've been present when you blurted out some of your French with the ossified accent, and it's a scream all right.

Remember that day in Martin's here in littleoldnewyork when you ordered lamb chops and a baked potato in French? The waiter bowed, said, "Oui, M'sieu!" and brought you a bowl of vegetable soup and a morning paper!

That's how good your French is, my lad.

It's almost as bad as Fred Perry's—and that's going some.

I met Fred and Henri Leoni at the Bingle Club not long ago, and they put it all over me.

With Henri speaking almost-

French and Fred gesticulating nearly-French there wasn't anything left for me to do but call the waiter and talk booze.

I found out later that Fred knows exactly nine ordinary French words, including *n'cest pas* and *avec plaisir*, but he has memorized the name of every street in Paris.

So when Fred exhausts his nine ordinary words he rushes all over the city, out to Vaugirard, over to the Batignolles, to Clichy, by Rues and side streets to the eastern Boulevards Beaumarchais and St. Denis, then across lots to the western Boulevard des Italiens, then with a hop, skip and jump, he's in the Place de la Con-

corde and off into the Champs-Elysees—it's immense!

Fred can sit there and rattle off the names of the streets in Paris so eloquently that the average listener begins to cuss himself inwardly because he didn't learn French enough to follow the Guy de Maupassant story which he thinks Fred is telling.

A bas le Fred!

I notice in your letter, Bunch, that you met some of your old pals in Paris and that you stayed up all night playing poker.

It's a good old wheeze, Bunch, and no doubt Alice believed you when you brought home the nine million francs you won.

Of course she didn't stop to think that nine million francs is

only about two dollars and forty cents in real money. But why wake her up?

If you really had to play poker, Bunch, I'm glad you stayed up all night at it. When you first mentioned the word in your letter I was afraid to read further for fear I'd see that at twelve o'clock you got a kink in your instep and quit four dollars winner.

If you play the game, play it like a sport, Bunch, and wear overshoes to keep your feet warm.

I hate the poker player who gets congestion of the ankles every time he wins two dollars over his car-fare.

Poker players are divided into

two classes: the Companions of the Cold Feet and the Little Brothers of the Boost.

The Companions of the Cold Feet make the most money, but the Little Brothers of the Boost have all the fun—and this would be a pretty tough old world if we couldn't have a bit of fun with each other, wouldn't it, Bunch?

We're living out in the country all the year round now, and once or twice a week the neighbors drop in of an evening and try to drag money away from us.

Uncle Gregory Grant and Aunt Julia from Kansas City are visiting at Uncle Peter's house across the road.

Uncle Gregory is the original

human safe. You can't get money out of him with an axe.

He came to New York on a visit some years ago with a red undershirt and a ten dollar bill.

He stayed two weeks and never changed anything.

Uncle Gregory is a charter member in Zero Lodge of the Companions of the Cold Feet.

Uncle Gregory never sat in a game in his life without being prepared to have pneumonia in both heels the moment he was six dollars ahead of the game.

He plays them close to his appendicitis, Unkie does, and every time he fills a four-flush he feels an awful draught on the floor.

He has his feet so well trained that every time their

owner rakes in a pot with four blue checks in it they give him the ice-house signal to cease firing and cash in before the bank explodes.

We had a little poker party at our house last Monday night, and for several days after we bought costly trifles with the money left by our loving neighbors.

There was Uncle Gregory and Aunt Julia, George Riggaby and his wife, Maude, George's mother - in - law, Mrs. Lorrenz, Peaches and yours respectfully.

Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha don't play poker, so they went out in the other room and played the phonograph.

I think the phonograph won, because they are both easy.

George Riggaby is a member in good standing of the Little Brothers of the Boost, and he can laugh louder and mean it when he loses three dollars than any man I ever met.

But George's wife, Maude, takes two aces and a pair of jacks seriously, while her mother, Mrs. Lorrenz, is the corresponding secretary in the Woman's Annex to the Companions of the Cold Feet.

She certainly runs Uncle Greg a close second when it comes to getting frappe in the pedals.

Every time Mrs. Lorrenz is separated from fifty cents something in her mind seems to give way with a crash.

Both Uncle Greg. and Mrs.

Lorrenz love money so much that every time they bet a blue check they close their eyes and pretend it was a white one.

Any time you see a silver dollar with all the tail feathers pulled out of the eagle it's a cinch that bird once belonged to Mrs. Lorrenz and the parting was a bitter one.

She is the original Tessie Tightwad.

Say, Bunch, I don't think women have any business playing poker, anyway—that is, most women.

There are a few cheerful exceptions, of course.

Take Monday evening for example. George Riggaby dealt, and I being next, passed.

Then we waited while Maude said to Peaches, “ Oh! yes, I think a bodice trimmed with moiré antique and with white chiffon over the corsage is perfectly stunning, but I want to get a house dress of green silk with lace insertion—oh, did you see Mrs. Wilson’s new automobile coat? If she isn’t a perfect fright; well, I hope——”

“ Pass! Pass! Pass!” I yelled.

Then Mrs. Lorrenz, paying no attention to us, unburdened herself to Peaches: “ And do you know, our new cook lost one of my handsome silver spoons that’s been in our family for generations, and I didn’t dare say anything to her about it, because she’d leave, and I know what

trouble I had last time finding a cook. But a handsome silver spoon——”

“What do you do?” I shrieked at Peaches, who sat next to me.

“What do I do? What do you mean? What do I do!”

“Do you pass, or do you open it?”

“Oh! I pass. You needn’t yell so, I’m sure. Do you know, Mrs. Lorrenz, the same thing happened to us, only ours was a fork; yes, a silver fork, one of a set that Aunt Martha gave us for a wedding present, and, don’t you know, when——”

Then all of a sudden Maude yelled, “Oh, I open it. No, I don’t—I thought I had an ace—darnaluck!”

Whereupon Mrs. Lorrenz laid her hand down and began to count her chips, declaring that a white one was missing.

After looking over the table and under the table and on the mantel-piece and all around the room, she finally found the white chip under the hand she had laid down.

When peace was restored George Riggaby said, "I'll open it for ten!" Whereupon Mrs. Lorrenz screamed, "No, you wont. *I'll* open it for five!"

"But you said you passed."

"I didn't!"

"Pardon me, I thought you did!"

"Pardon me, I thought I didn't!"

“ Cards? ” asked George, resignedly.

“ Gi'me three,” I said.

“ Three,” said Peaches. “ No, two, no, three—wait a minute! Gi'me one—no, wait; that's a diamond. Give me two—no, no; give me three cards! ”

“ That's the way with me,” said Maude to Peaches; “ I get so confused sometimes. I remember one evening we were all playing over at our house, and the baby——”

“ Cards? ” screamed George.

Maude gave him a withering glance, and Mrs. Lorrenz said, “ One card, please! ”

George gave his mother-in-law the card, took three himself and laid the deck down.

“ Well, I’d like to know where my two cards are? ” inquired Maude scathingly.

“ Why, I thought you stood pat,” said George.

“ Stood pat ; the idea ! ” snapped Maude. “ I never did such a thing in my life. I’d like two cards, please.”

“ It’s too late now,” I butted in. “ You’ll have to play your hand or drop out.”

“ Drop out, indeed. Well, I guess not! George Riggaby, you give me two cards! ”

“ Can’t do it; against the rules,” said George.

“ Against what rules? ”

“ Hoyle.”

“ Who cares for Hoyle. You gi’me two cards! ”

And so to keep peace in the family she was given two cards—and won the pot.

Then Mrs. Lorrenz got mad and wanted her ante back, all of which put us another half hour to the bad.

If I had to play hen poker very often, Bunch, I'd have a roller rink in my top story.

A little later on that evening I opened a jackpot, and everybody dropped out except Mrs. Lorrenz and Peaches.

You know, Bunch, I like Peaches. She's the only wife I ever had, and the only one I ever wish to have, and so I say it from my heart that she plays poker like a Welsh rabbit, which is

without form and full of dark surprises.

From a social point of view Peaches is the best fellow that ever drew cards, but judged solely on her skill as a pokerine she is what the Ancient Greeks would call a Patricia Bolivar.

Well, anyway, Bunch, to make a long story lose its cunning, Peaches waved a fond farewell after losing four dollars, which was all in the family anyway; but Mrs. Lorrenz bit her lip and trailed.

Yes, sir, she trailed with all the danger signals set until she had sent seven of her good dollars to the Bad Lands, then she called me.

When I laid down four type-

writers she called me again—but I'd hate to tell you what.

Never before, Bunch, in the history of the game did one woman get mad in so many different places at the same time.

You see, Bunch, she had four deuces all the time, and after the first bet she began to buy a new dress.

After the second bet she selected the trimmings.

After the third bet she changed the material and took something more expensive.

After the fourth bet she decided to pick out an imported dressmaker on Fifth Avenue, and after the fifth bet she felt wealthy enough to go there in a cab.

Soon came the awful awaken-

ing, and she had to put the dress back in the store.

I don't think Mrs. Lorrenz will ever quite recover from the shock.

She will be a saddened woman all her life unless a rich relative dies somewhere and leaves her seven dollars.

And to make matters more like a life insurance investigation, about ten minutes later George Riggaby stung Uncle Gregory for \$5.75, which caused uncle to go up in the air.

After bouncing between the floor and the ceiling for five minutes he had an internal fit, which nearly became epidemic all over his system.

And thus it happened, Bunch, that these two members in good

standing in the ancient order of the Companions of the Cold Feet had to sit there all the evening and play them close, trying to get their money back, which they didn't.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, Bunch, but once in a while they grind out something worth while.

Play poker if you must, Bunch, but always keep your rubbers on.

This goes for the neck as well as the feet.

Yours to the finish,

JOHN.

CHAPTER II

JOHN HENRY ON AMERICAN SCENERY

DEAR BUNCH: Yours from Nice received; also Alice's letter to Peaches.

I'm wise to the good time you're having, old pal, and, believe me, I wish we were with you.

It must be aces to travel through the Riviera and pipe the forget-me-nots and the magnolia blossoms blooming all over the place, while the air is laden with the scent of roses and the song of the nightingale makes music for the midnight lunch—what!

Not bad on the poesy thing this morn, eh, Bunch?

Holy mackerel! I'd like to see you travel over this part of the universe and get a peep at any forget-me-nits or maggieolas. Nothing doing!

Over here, Bunch, the wild-eyed advertiser is abroad in the land, and his advertisements are stuck, like a lot of second-hand court plaster, all over the face of Nature.

I love to read the advertisements in the newspapers and the magazines, but I also love to be permitted to stop reading them when the dinner bell rings, which is an impossibility if you're travelling on the railroads in our dear land of liberty—God bless it!

In these days, Bunch you'll find that the something which once

was a beautiful landscape is covered with a board fence whereon it says:

**Eat Eatem's Eatability
Easily The Most Eatable
Eating Ever Eaten**

I think the idea of changing a green hillside into a treatise on indigestion, and making all the pretty trees along the roadside point their branches in the direction of a drug store is wrong, but maybe I've too much poetry in my veins and not enough business.

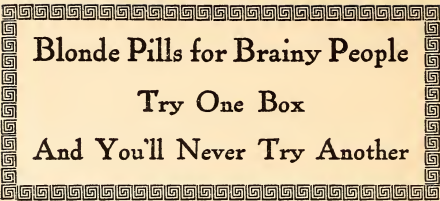
I took a little trip from New York to Philly last week, and it was then that the foregoing

thought hit me a belt in the thinker.

I looked out the car window with the laudable intention of admiring all the geography as it rushed by, but before I could enthuse over two spruce trees and eighteen blades of grass a large sign shut off my view and caused me to see this:



I winked my eyes once or twice and took another look, and there, spread carefully over the map of New Jersey, was a sign which said:

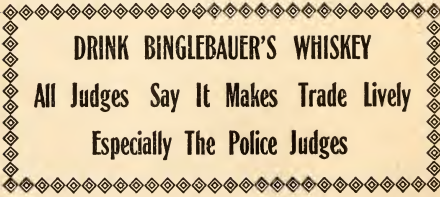


Blonde Pills for Brainy People

Try One Box

And You'll Never Try Another

I dodged back into my chair and closed my lamps for a moment. Then I said to myself, "I'll try the other side of the car, where, no doubt, I'll see a mountain or a county fair or something human in the distance, but all I saw was ninety-seven feet of board fence, which was yelling out these words:



DRINK BINGLEBAUER'S WHISKEY

All Judges Say It Makes Trade Lively

Especially The Police Judges

For ten minutes I sat there, Bunch, with my eyes shut, and when finally I took a little peep out the window it resulted in this:

SMOKE
YELLOWFINGER'S CIGARROOTS
AND DIE LINGERING, BUT DOPEY

Then I tried to figure the thing out, and presently came to the conclusion that the train must still be in the heart of civilization, and that after we reached the real country the landscape would assert its rights and begin to happen.

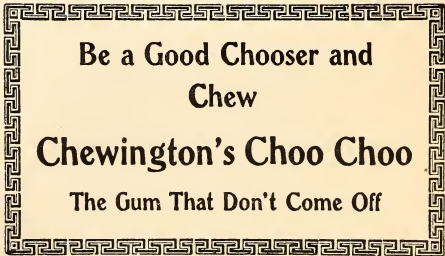
Then I lay back in my chair
and began to read a bunch of

those corking good stories in that book called "Cinders."

Are you wise to "Cinders?"

It's a scream, Bunch, from cover to cover. Get it and do a giggle.

In about twenty minutes I glanced carelessly out the window, and I'll be daggoned if I didn't see another board fence with this on it:



**Be a Good Chooser and
Chew**

Chewington's Choo Choo

The Gum That Don't Come Off

Now I leave it to you, Bunch, if it isn't discouraging.

Can you beat it in Europe?
Can you get close enough to it to
tie it?

Of course not.

It's only here, in the land of
the free and the home of the
grafter that such things could
happen.

However, what's the use?

I determined to give the land-
scape one more chance to make
good, for I felt that an indulgent
Mother Nature had at some time
left enough valley and stream
around there to form a bit of
scenery, so I sat back and read
for another half hour.

Then I looked up and out and
saw—yes, Bunch, another mile of
fence, some of which bore this
legend:

**Children, dear, in any case
Don't drive nails in Mother's face;
If you do and she should scream
Try Mike Smith's Complexion Cream!**

It's only a question of a short time, Bunch, when our American scenery will be changed to pill news and our noble hillsides will look like a fire sale in a cut-rate drug store.

Speaking of scenery reminds me that Peaches and I took a flying trip to Niagara Falls not long ago.

I'm not out to describe the Falls, Bunch, so don't throw this letter down and scream for help.

When we stepped off the cars

we found, stretching out as far as the pocket-book could reach, a line of hacks, river-going hacks which had been standing so long in the shadow of the falling water that they seemed to be giving each other the Minnehaha. (Indian joke.)

Eighty-seven hack drivers with tears in their eyes and beer in their voices, when possible, coaxed Peaches and me to jump on board their catamarans and be concussioned over to the Falls, but after a long and bitter fight our consciences won the victory, and we walked.

Like all great things in this world, Bunch, the Falls of Niagara started out from a very small beginning and gradually

worked itself up to fame and fortune.

When it started out away back in the woods the Niagara River had no thought of getting itself in the school books and becoming a national pet, like a prize fighter.

On the contrary, Bunch, it started out to be just a plain, ordinary river rolling gently on its rocky mattress, but one dark night it suddenly fell out of bed and created such a sensation that it has kept right on falling out of bed ever since.

This is only a record in history where a reputation has been made by falling out of bed.

Peaches and I walked down to the edge of the Falls, and for

eight minutes we stood there without speaking a word.

Peaches afterwards acknowledged that the Falls had a wonderful influence over her, because that was the first time in her life she ever went eight minutes without saying something.

To stand there, Bunch, and watch those thousands and thousands of gallons of water pushing each other over the edge of that precipice and then falling with a roar into the depths below makes all the poetry in one's system come to the surface and beg to be let out.

When we went back to the hotel we met Mrs. Pennington Bilk, who was the widow of Oscar Fitz-

enstaatz before she married her present incumbent.

They do say that Bilk's only reason for marrying her was on account of her willingness to sign checks for the money left by her first husband.

"How did you enjoy the Falls?" I inquired.

"Well," replied Mrs. Pennington Bilk, "I think the Falls is a nice idea for the hotel people around here—it seems to help some in their business."

"Don't you think the idea of that water rushing and roaring and falling over the precipice into the gorge below is one of Nature's most wonderful pictures?" I asked.

"Yes, rather," answered Mrs.

Pennington Bilk; "but it seems such a waste of good water. My first husband was always complaining because he had to spend so much money to pipe the water to the brewery."

"Does your second husband enjoy the sight of the waterfalls?" I inquired politely.

"No," said Mrs. Pennington Bilk. "He is so busy opening champagne all the time that the sight of so much water seems to give him nervous hesitation. I brought him up here thinking possibly he would get up on the water wagon, but he says that any man who would get on the water wagon at Niagara Falls would be drowned."

To such men and women as

these, Bunch, the wonderful works of Nature don't have half as much meaning as the interior of a soft shell crab, so let us pass them up.

Yours for better scenery,

JOHN.

CHAPTER III

JOHN HENRY ON THE HORSE TRADER

DEAR BUNCH: Your letter from Berlin is here, and after picking all the “Hochs!” and “Gesundheits!” out of it we’re hep to the fact that you’re both having a swell time among the Germans.

Tell Alice to bring me home a stein—empty. I can get the beer and the “Prosits!” over here.

Your German letter having created an atmosphere, it’s up to me to tell you about old Elsie Shulz, who is spending a few days at Uncle Peter’s home across the road.

Elsie is a sort of a privileged character in our family, having lived with Aunt Martha for over twenty years as a sort of house-keeper.

Three or four years ago Elsie married Gustave Bierbauer and quit her job.

Old Elsie believes that conversation was invented for her exclusive use, and the way she can grab a bundle of the English language and break it up is a caution.

Language is the same to Elsie as a syphon is to a highball—and that's a whole lot.

Two years after their marriage old Gustave stopped living so abruptly that the coroner had to sit on him.

The post mortem found out that Gustave had died from a rush of words to his brain-pan.

Then the coroner found, upon further examination, that all of these words had formerly belonged to Elsie, with the exception of a few which were once the property of Gustave's favorite bartender.

After Gustave's exit Aunt Martha tried to get Elsie back on her job, but the old Dutch had her eye on Herman Shulz, and finally married him.

So now every once in a while Elsie moseys over from Plainfield, N. J., where she lives with Herman, and proceeds to sew a lot of pillow slips and things for Aunt Martha.

Yesterday morning, while Peaches and I were at breakfast, Elsie meandered in, bearing in her hand a wedding invitation which Herman had forwarded to her from Plainfield.

Being, as I say, a privileged character, she does pretty much as she likes around our bungaloosa.

Elsie read the invitation. "Mr. und Mrs. Rudolph Ganderkurds request der honor of your presence at der marriage of deir daughter, Verbena, to Galahad Schmalzenberger, at der home of der bride's parents, Plainfield, N. J. May First. R. S. V. P."

"Vell," said Elsie, "I know der Ganderkurds und I know deir daughter, Verbena, und I

know Galahad Schmalzenberger; he's a floorwalker in Bauershaupt's grocery store, but I doan'd know vot is dot R. S. V. P. yet! "

I gently kicked Peaches on the instep under the table, and said to Elsie, " Well, that's a new one on me, also. Are you sure it isn't B. & O. or the C. R. R. of N. J.? Those are a couple of railroads in New Jersey, but I never heard of the R. S. V. P."

For the first time in her life since she's been able to grab a sentence between her teeth and shake the pronouns out of it Elsie was phazed.

She kept looking at the invitation and saying to herself, " R. S. V. P.! Vot is it? I know der

honor of your presence; I know der bride's parents, but I don't know R. S. V. P."

All that day Elsie wandered through the house muttering to herself, "R. S. V. P.! Vot is it? Is it some secret between der bride und groom? R. S. V. P.! It ain'd my initials, because dey begin mit E. S. Vot is dot R. S. V. P.? Vot is it? Vot is it?"

That evening we were all at dinner when Elsie rushed in with a cry of joy. "I got it!" she said. "I haf untied der meaning of dot R. S. V. P. It means Real Silver Vedding Presents!"

I was just about to drink a glass of water, so I changed my mind and nearly choked to death.

Peaches tried to say something,



"Dot R. S. V. P. It means Real Silver
Wedding Presents."—Page 52

which resulted in a gurgle in her throat; the Swede servant girl rushed out in the kitchen and broke a couple of dishes, while Uncle Peter, who was dining with us, fell off his chair on the cat which had never done him any harm.

Elsie's interpretation of that wedding present is going to set Herman Shulz back several dollars, or I'm not a foot high.

This same Herman is a character, by the way, Bunch.

He's a horse trader by profession and a con thrower by nature.

I must tell you, Bunch, about Herman when he lived and flourished in Rochester, N. Y.

A friend of ours named Will Hodge also lived in Rochester at

that time, and Will went to Herman to buy a horse.

Herman had at this time an old sorrel horse which would never travel over half a mile without balking.

At some remote period of its life the sorrel had been docked, but Herman decided he could sell the horse quicker if it had a long tail, so he glued on a tail which he kept in the barn for this purpose.

One of the peculiar features about this old sorrel was the fact that just before he would begin to balk and stop dead in his tracks the right ear would fly back and stay there.

And just before he intended to

start again the left ear would fly back and join the right ear.

Then as the old sorrel went joyously on his way once more both ears would stand out straight, and all would be well.

The old sorrel always made these signals, rain or shine.

Another peculiar fact was this, that once the old sorrel's nose was pointed for home he never stopped, but went like the wind—when it isn't blowing very hard.

Well, off goes Will Hodge to Herman Shulz to inquire about a horse, and Herman hitches up the old sorrel.

While hitching Herman starts in to explain what a clever old

beast the sorrel is, and by the time they get started out of the barn in the buggy Hodge has an idea that he is riding behind Sysonby's stepbrother.

When they got out about half a mile back went the sorrel's right ear, and Herman said quickly, "Whoa, whoa, boy! Whoa!"

Of course, the old sorrel intended to whoa anyway, but Hodge didn't know that.

Then Herman would point at the scenery with the whip and describe it, all the time watching the old sorrel's left ear for the starting signal.

Presently back went the left ear, and then Herman would stop describing the scenery, and with

a loud "Ged-dap!" the old sorrel would start off once more.

At the end of another half mile back would go the sorrel's right ear, and Herman would yell "Whoa!" and then say, "Here on the right I would like to point out to you the Methodist orphan asylum, and over there is Chase & Pendleton's celebrated sash factory. Over here on the left—" But just then the sorrel's left ear would fly back, and Herman would have to say, "Ged-dap!" right in the midst of his description of the scenery.

This was kept up about four times, and then all of a sudden Hodge let out a roar.

"For the love of a kind Heaven!" yelled Will, "don't

you know that I came out here to see this horse go and not to listen to your lectures on this bum scenery. Why, man, I have lived in Rochester all my life, and I know all about the sash factories and the orphan asylums, and I am on familiar terms with every bit of scenery you can shake a whip at, so now I will thank you kindly to point the reins of this horse and make him commence."

"Ach! oxcoos, oxcoos!" said Herman. "You vish to see him trafel, is it? So! I show you!"

Then Herman turned the old sorrel around, pointing his nose at the oats in the barn, and the wise old bonerack never stopped

running until they were back home.

Hodge bought the horse on the strength of that return trip.

That afternoon Hodge took the sorrel out for a little exercise. Pretty soon it began to rain, the glue melted, and when Will saw his horse's tail drop off he nearly fell out of the wagon.

An hour later Herman was sitting in his barn door, when he saw a man running towards him who looked something like Hodge and something like a vigilance committee.

The man had a buggy whip in one hand and a horse's tail in the other, and he was travelling hell bent for election.

Herman took one peep at him,

then he fell sideways out of the barn window and hid for three days in his cellar.

I don't think Will and Herman ever meet, because both of them are still alive and uninjured.

Yours for the Germans,

JOHN.

CHAPTER IV

JOHN HENRY ON TITLED FOREIGNERS

DEAR BUNCH: Your letter from Venice is at hand, and were glad, indeed, to hear from you.

I hope you won't fall in the Canal while in Venice. No doubt your early education on the Erie will be of great help to you—get ap!

I notice from your letter that you've been hobnobbing with nobility over there — careless Bunch!

We get 'em over here, Bunch,

by the gross, so you haven't anything on us.

I went in to the Waldorf to meet Uncle Peter one evening last week, and I found him entertaining a German nobleman—the Count Cheese von Cheese.

The Count is travelling in this country *incognito*.

If it were my country he couldn't travel in a cage.

I'm wise to those guys with the Gorgonzola title all wrapped up in tissue paper and only \$8 in the jeans.

The Count Cheese von Cheese was introduced to me by Uncle Peter as plain Herr Bungstarter, and then uncle whispered me next to the real truth about the *incognito* gag.

Uncle Peter certainly does make both ends meet in the lemon industry.

He is the original Onion collector, and he spends his waking moments falling for dead ones.

I was on to the Count Cheese von Cheese the moment he opened his talk-trap.

That miff is over here to pick out an heiress and fall in love with her because he needs the money.

Every steamer brings them over, Bunch, some *incognito*, some in dress suits, and some in *hoc signo vinces*, but all of them able to pick out a lady with a bank account at fifty paces.

It's getting so now, Bunch, that an open-face, stem-winding

American has to kick four Dukes, eight Earls, seven Counts and a couple of Princes off the front steps every time he goes to call on his sweetheart—if she has money.

When I go down into Wall Street, Bunch, I find rich men with the tears streaming down their faces while they are calling up on the telephone to see if their daughter, Gladys, is still safe at home, where they left her before they came down to business.

Walk through a peachy palace of the rich on Fifth Avenue, and what will you find?

Answer: You will find a proud mother bowed with a great grief, and holding on to a rope which is tied to her daughter's ankle to

prevent the latter from running out on the front piazza and throwing kisses at the titled foreigners.

You will find these cheap skates everywhere, Bunch, rushing hither and thither, and sniffing the air for the odor of burning money.

The street-cars are full of Earls and Baronets, all travelling *incognito* and on transfers.

There they are, Bunch, sitting in the best seats and reading the newspapers until an heiress jumps aboard and hands them her address, with a memorandum of her papa's bank account.

Then they arise with the true nobility of motion and ask that a day be set for the wedding.

Why should it be thus, Bunch?

We have laws in this country to protect the birds and the trees, the squirrels and all animals except those that can be reached by an automobile, but why don't we have a law to protect the heireses?

Why are these titled slobes permitted to borrow car-fare, and come over here and give this fair land a fit of indigestion.

Why are they permitted to set their proud and large feet on the soil for which our forefathers fought and bled for their country, and for which some of us are still fighting and bleeding the country?

Why?

Why do these fat-heads come

over here with a silver cigarette case and a society directory and make every rich man in the country fasten a burglar alarm to his check-book?

Find out, Bunch!

A few days ago one of these mutts with an Edam title jumped off an ocean liner, and immediately the price of padlocks rose to the highest point ever known on the Stock Exchange.

All over the country rich men with romantic daughters rushed to and fro and then rushed back again.

They were up against a crisis.

If you could get near enough to the long-distance telephone, Bunch, you could hear one rich old American guy shrieking the

battle-cry to another captain of industry out in Indianapolis: "To arms! The foe! The foe! He comes with nothing but his full dress suit and a blank marriage license! To arms! To arms!"

The telegraph wires are also sizzling with excitement.

Despatches which would make your blood curdle with anguish and sorrow for the rich are flying all over the country. Something like this:

"Boston. To-day.

"At ten-thirty this morning Rudolph Oscar Grabbitall the millionaire stone-breaker, read the startling news that a foreign Count had just landed in New York. His suffering was pa-

thetic. His daughter, Gasolene Panatella, who will inherit \$19,000,000, mostly in bonds, stocks and newspaper talk, was in the dental parlor five blocks away from home when the blow fell. Calling his household about him, Mr. Grabbitall rushed into the dental parlor, beat the dentist down with his bill, dragged Gasolene Panatella home and locked her up in the rear cupboard of the spare room on the second floor of his mansion. Her teeth suffered somewhat, but, thank Heaven! her money will remain in this country. The community breathes easier, but all the incoming trains are being watched."

Are you wise, Bunch, to what the panhandling nobility of Europe are doing to our dear United States?

They are putting all our millionaires on the fritz, that's what they're doing.

It will soon come to pass that the heiress will have to be locked up in the safe deposit vaults with papa's bank book.

Here is an item from one of our most prominent newspapers. Read it, Bunch, and then rush out and take a running kick at the first nobleman you see:

“ Long Island City. Now.

“ Pinchem Shortface, the millionaire who made a fortune by inventing a way to open clams by steam, has determined that no foreign Count will marry his daughter, Sudsetta. She will inherit about \$193,000,000, about \$18 of which is loose enough to spend. The unhappy father is

building a spite fence around his mansion, which will be about twenty-two feet high, and all the unmarried millionaires without daughters, to speak of, will contribute broken champagne bottles to put on top of the fence. If the Count gets Sudsetta he is more of a sparrow than her father thinks he is."

It's pitiful, Bunch, that's what it is, pitiful!

All over the country rich men are dropping their beloved daughters in the cyclone cellars and hiding mamma's stocking with the money in it out in the hay loft.

I am glad, Bunch, that I am not a rich man with a daughter who is eating her heart out for

a moth-covered title and a castle on the Rhinewine.

You can bet, Bunch, that no daughter of mine can ever marry a tall gent with a nose like a quarter past six and a knowledge of the English language which doesn't get beyond I O U.

Talk to the nobility you have been hobnobbing with, Bunch, and see if you can't reform them.

Yours in hope,

JOHN.

CHAPTER V

JOHN HENRY ON GASOLENE AND
KEROSENE

DEAR BUNCH: In Paris,
eh? Give my regards to
the Moulin Rouge, won't
you?

I notice what you say in your
letter about buying a couple of
French automobiles in Paris, one
of the same being for me.

I'm glad to see you have such
a sweet disposition, Bunch, but
nix on the Bubble.

Not for yours hastily.

I've caught all the diseases to
date except the automobilious
fever.

No, Bunch, if anybody wants to shove me off the map they can put strychnine in my coffee or Paris Green in my weinerwurst, either one of which is a more refined death than the one which is meted out by a crazy Benzine Buggy, besides, they give the coroner less trouble, because they don't splash so much.

However, I forgive you, Bunch, because I believe your intentions are honorable though reckless.

You ask me in your letter which is the best kind of a Bubble to buy, and I reply without hesitation that my favorite is a mule, because a mule can't run after you and kick you at the same time.

While walking around the city

streets I have been making a deep study of Whiz Wagons, Bunch, but so close was the machinery to my outposts at the time, and so eager was I to get out of the way that perhaps I am prejudiced.

The automobile is the rich man's wine and the poor man's chaser.

It keeps our streets full of red, white and blue streaks all the live long day, and if the weary pedestrian is not supplied with a ball-bearing neck his chance of getting home is null and void.

As far as I can figure it out, the safest part of the machine is the chauffeur, because he knows which way to jump.

Oh! how I admire those chauff-

feurs who point the machine at you and dare you to get out of the way.

We have no word in the English language which is brash enough to sit on a Busy Barouche and cut loose.

That's why we had to reach over to Paris and pull a word out of the French.

Chauffeur is the word we grabbed, and I think we ought to give it back at the first opportunity.

Did you ever notice one of those particular guys when they try to say chauffeur?

His mouth looks like a hot waffle.

The first Careless Cart we ever had in this country was called the

“Coroner’s Delight,” because the only man that met it on the road went back home in sections and, incidentally, on a shutter.

The motto of the automobile is “Bump others, or they will bump you!”

And the automobile face! Can you tie it?

The automobile face is caused by the fact that faces can’t ride as fast as machinery; consequently, the muscles between the lips and the mouth become over-trained and lose their cunning.

If you wish to buy an automobile for yourself and become a chauffeur, do so, Bunch, and Peaches and I will miss your boyish laughter about the house, and we will sit by the fireside in the

twilight and talk about what you might have been if you hadn't gone out of our lives so abruptly.

I don't wish to discourage you, Bunch, but if you have a bundle of spare coin, why don't you invest it in a building lot in the suburbs—a lot which runs not backwards or forwards and which bites not like an adder nor stingeth like a serpent, and upon which no coroner can sit for any length of time without getting the lumbago.

Speaking of gasolene naturally brings us to kerosene.

We have been getting along nicely out here in the country, with the possible exception that Peaches has tried to assassinate all the mosquitoes in the neigh-

borhood with almost fatal results to herself.

Peaches seems to have labored under the impression that the proper way to assassinate a mosquito is to throw a bomb at it and then cross the fingers and hope for the best.

At any rate, she read somewhere in a book that the kindest way to assassinate the mosquito is to coax a bunch of them up in the corner and throw vitriol in their faces, which generally causes them to be ashamed of themselves and makes them lead less bloodthirsty lives.

Well, Peaches tried this idea, but it so happened that my best pair of trousers were hanging in the same corner which she picked

out to work her third degree on the skeets, with the result that my trousers departed this world in great haste, while the mosquitoes put their stingers up their sleeves and ran away, laughing wildly.

Then I took Peaches out in a vacant lot, far from the bosom of her family, and explained to her the scientific difference between mosquitoes and a pair of nine dollar trousers, to all of which she listened with much patience, except when I swore too loud.

But she was not discouraged—nay!

The next day she read in a paper that kerosene oil was the only genuine and reliable way to

overcome the mosquito, so she went after them by the oil route.

The article in the paper didn't give full instructions how to use the kerosene, so Peaches thought it all out for a while, and then she poured about half a gallon of oil in the bath tub and waited.

I think she expected the mosquitoes to walk in the bath-room, undress, grab the soap and plunge into the kerosene oil, where they would perish miserably without even getting a chance to throw up the sponge.

But none of the mosquitoes in our house felt that it was necessary to take a bath, so that scheme failed, while worse and more ravenous and more pitiless grew the hunger of the pests

which were using us for a meal ticket.

Then somebody told Peaches that the right way to apply kerosene oil was to put it in a sprinkling can, then dash up behind the enemy and sprinkle them on the lumbar region.

To see Peaches chasing a bevy of mosquitoes around the parlor with fire in her eyes, a carpet-sweeper in her left hand and a sprinkling can full of kerosene oil in her right hand was a sight such as these eyes of mine never before beheld.

If the fire from her eyes had ever reached the kerosene—holy smoke!

On the level, Bunch, if there was any place in our house which

Peaches didn't sprinkle with kerosene it must have been a few of my collars and cuffs which hadn't come home from the laundry yet.

For two days, Bunch, it rained kerosene in our household.

For breakfast the toast was scented with kerosene, and it floated like a rainbow on top of the coffee.

For luncheon the codfish cakes behaved like a leaky lamp, and the shredded onions lost all their courage and wanted to leave the room.

For dinner the corn beef looked like a roast on John D. Rockefeller, and the delicate blossoms of the sauerkraut were all shrivelled up, and tasted like the Ohio River near Parkersburg.

In the meantime, Bunch, the mosquitoes are having the time of their lives.

They thought we were giving a Mardi Gras for their benefit, so they sent out invitations to all their friends, with the result that our little family lost more blood than is spilled in a South American revolution.

Peaches has abandoned the kerosene idea, and is now fumigating the house with something which falls on the insulted nose like a hard slap on the face, so I am writing this letter out in the barn.

My theory about the mosquito is that he has humanity stung, going and coming.

Yours done in oil,
JOHN.

CHAPTER VI

JOHN HENRY ON OBESITY CURES

DEAR BUNCH: Your letter from Vienna received, and glad we are to know that you and Alice are crowding the occasion with the joy of living.

On next year's trip Peaches and I hope to be with you, and what we'll do to Europe will be a pitiable shame.

I met Jack Golden the other day, and he sends his kindest to you and Alice.

Jack says he's going to get married some of these days and do that Europe gag himself.

Can you imagine Jack with a thousand dollars' worth of blushing bride hanging on his elbow, hiking through Europe and stopping in at the Louvre occasionally to make faces at the paintings?

I can't.

If ever a bride drags Jack away from Stone Street she'll be the limit in ladies' dress goods, and that's no jovial outburst.

We are all well at home with the exception that some fresh friend told Aunt Martha that she was getting stout, and the old lady promptly fell for every obesity cure known to modern science.

Even at top weight Aunt Martha doesn't go over 154

pounds, but she got the idea in her head that compared with her Barnum's original fat lady was a pikerette, so she decided to go after that obesity thing with an axe.

We tried to flag her and talk her out of it, but she waved us all back, and said she'd made up her mind she wasn't going through this world leading a double chin.

Well, Bunch, Aunt Martha started in to put the sabots to the fatty tissues, and for a week Uncle Peter's peaceful home across the road looked like a moving picture entitled "The Original Rough House."

First flop out of the box Mrs. Grimshaw, who weighs 278 in her

war-paint, told Aunt Martha that exercise was the only thing to keep down the weight, so Uncle Peter was chased off to town for a rowing machine, a set of Indian clubs and a proud assortment of deaf and dumb bells.

Presently the muscle goods arrived, and next morning about daylight Aunt Martha jumped on board the rowing machine and bore away to the Northwest, with a strong ebb tide on the port bow.

She was about four miles up the river and going hard when a strap broke, whereupon Aunt Martha went overboard with a splash that upset most of the furniture in the room and knocked her manicure set down behind the bureau.

One of the oars went up in the air and landed on the bridge of Uncle Peter's nose, because his face happened to be in the way when the oar came down.

When loving hands finally pulled Aunt Martha out of the interior of her rocking-chair, she found that, with the help of the rowing machine, she had lost nearly two pounds, mostly off the end of her elbow.

The next day Mrs. Cooper, who weighs about 246, told Aunt Martha that she wasn't using the best kind of physical torture, so Uncle Peter was once more chased off to the store, where he bought one of those rubber contrivances which you fasten on the

wall and then try to pull it off again with the handles.

Bright and early the next morning Aunt Martha grabbed the handles, and was getting away from her obesity at the rate of an ounce an hour when suddenly one of the rubber strings broke and something kicked Aunt Martha just where a good singer gets her coloratura.

When Aunt Martha fell wounded on the field of battle every picture on the walls fell with her, and there was such a crash that the cook thought the end of the world was coming, so she ran screaming in the direction of Paterson, N. J.

They had to pour about a bucket of water over Aunt Martha's

map before she came to, and then she found that all she had lost by this new process was her breath and a couple of side combs.

Mrs. Gaddings dropped in that day and told Aunt Martha that the only good way to reduce the flesh is to take a long walk; so Auntie picked it out a long walk and took it.

After she was gone about six hours, and it was getting dark, she called Uncle Peter up on the long-distance telephone and broke the news to him that she had walked fifteen miles, and that she had been so extravagant she had used up all the walk that was in her, and that she would have to stay there in a foreign land alone,

among utter strangers, unless he sent a cab for her.

When Aunt Martha got home that night she found that all the flesh she had lost was her pocket-book with ten dollars in it, and Uncle Peter lost about ten dollars for cab hire, making a total of four pounds, English money.

A day or two later Mrs. Caruthers told Aunt Martha that the only sure cure for obesity was to take electric baths, so Uncle Peter had one rigged up which was a great shock to his pocket-book.

As soon as it was up Aunt Martha went inside of the framework and sat among the electric lamps with only her head out in

the atmosphere for about two hours.

Then she came out smiling, and said she felt fine and that she must have lost about ten pounds.

Uncle Peter peeped inside to look the bath over, and found that she had forgotten to turn the current on.

Next morning when Aunt Martha went after the electric bath Uncle Peter turned the current on himself to make sure, and when Auntie stepped in it she accidentally put her foot on an ohm or something, which tickled her so that she let a blood-curdling yell out of her that could be heard for twenty-seven miles as the crow flies.

Then she put her other foot

down, and that landed on a volt or an ampere or some foolish dingus which caused Aunt Martha to become a short-circuit.

Bunch, she was the shortest-circuit that ever happened.

For a couple of minutes that room looked like a thunderstorm, with Aunt Martha playing the thunder.

When Uncle Peter finally got the current turned off and all the live wires out of her hair, Aunt Martha collapsed on the sofa, screaming, "Take it away! Take it away! Now I know what a hard life the third rail must lead!"

I think the electric treatment has cured Aunt Martha.

At any rate all the exercising

paraphernalia has been thrown out in the back yard, and I think that now she will be perfectly satisfied to go through life leading a double chin as Nature intended.

Yours in the current of friendship,

JOHN.

CHAPTER VII

JOHN HENRY ON A DINNER PARTY

DEAR BUNCH: Your letter from London to hand and contents noted.

Peaches and I are mighty glad you're starting for home in two weeks, and we'll meet you at the pier with bells on.

We're all well here with the exception that Peaches gave an onion saengerfest night before last and I've been on the blink ever since.

This onion saengerfest thing may be a new one on you, Bunch, so I'll specify.

An onion saengerfest is where a bunch of people gather in your parlor in the evening and spill a lot of cheap songs all over the carpet while waiting for dinner to be announced.

I don't know just exactly where the onion comes in, but I suppose that applies to most of the guests.

There were present at the battle I speak of Uncle Peter Grant and Aunt Julia, Bud Hawley and his second wife; Jack Merton and his stationary wife; your sister, Jennie, and her husband, Stub Wilson, from Milwaukee.

Oh! I forgot to mention that old Doctor Guffhander, the celebrated food expert, was the guest of the evening.

Doctor Guffhander is a great

friend of Uncle Peter's, and has been using him for a meal ticket for several days.

Somehow or other Uncle Gregory got on to the fact that Morty Smith had sent me a case of Pommery, and long before the dinner hour Uncle Greg. complained of dust in the pipes.

He hinted around so hard about the Pommery that I took him out in the butler's pantry, opened up a quart of the only real wine and let the old geezer slosh around in the surf.

After Uncle Greg. came to the surface he marched back into the parlor and insisted upon singing the swan song from Lohengrin, but his idea of a swan was so much like a turkey gobbler that

loving friends had to put the moccasins to him and run him out of the room.

Then he went out in the butler's pantry, hoping to do another splash in the Pommery, but not finding any, he began to recite: "Down in the Lehigh Valley me and my people grew; I was a blacksmith, Cap'n; yes, and a good one, too! Let me sit down a minute, a stone's got into my shoe——"

But it wasn't a stone. It was a potato salad which the Irish cook threw at him for interfering with her work.

After all the excitement was over and Unk Greg. was sleeping with magnificent noises on the sofa in the library, your sister,

Jennie, was coaxed to sing Tosti's " Good-by."

Of course you know, Bunch, we're all very fond of your sister, but I'm afraid if Mr. Tosti ever heard her sing his " Good-by " he would say, " the same to you, and here's your hat."

Before Jennie married and moved West I remember she had a very pretty mezzo-concertina voice, but she's been so long away helping Stub Wilson to make Milwaukee famous that nowadays her top notes sound like a cuckoo clock after it's been up all night.

I suppose, Bunch, it's wrong for me to pull this on you about your own flesh and blood, but when a married woman with six fine children, one of them at Yale,

sidles up in front of the piano and begins to squeak, " Good-by, summer! Good-by, summer! " just as if she were calling the dachshund in to dinner, I think it's time she declined the nomination.

Then Bud Hawley, after figuring it all out that there was no chance of his getting arrested, sat down on the piano stool and made a few sad statements, which in their original state form the basis of a Scotch ballad called, " Loch Lomond."

As you know, Bunch, Bud's system of speaking the English language is to say with his voice as much of a word as he can remember and then finish the rest of it with his hands.

You can imagine what Bud would do to a song with an oatmeal foundation like "Loch Lomond."

When Bud barked out the first few bars, which say, "By yon bonnie bank and by yon bonnie brae," you can believe me, Bunch, everybody within hearing would have cried with joy if the piano had fallen over on Bud and flattened his equator.

And when he reached the plot of the piece, where it says, "You take the high road and I'll take the low road," Uncle Peter took a drink, Jack Merton took the same, Stub took an oath and I took a walk.

Never in my life, Bunch, have

I heard a song so roughly handled.

And all the while Bud's wife sat there, with the glad and winning smile of a catfish on her face, listening with a heart full of pride while her crime-laden husband chased that helpless song all over the parlor, and finally left it unconscious under the sofa.

Bud was just about to pull the cork from another ballad when dinner was announced, and our lives were saved.

And here's where old Doctor Guffhander, the food expert, stepped into the spot light and took the show away from everybody.

You know, Bunch, the Doc is one of those old guys with a li-

cense to hunt for germs, and everything he eats has to give the countersign and then go through a written examination.

He loves to display his scientific knowledge and throw Latin crimps into the low-foreheads.

Uncle Peter believes every word that leaves Doc Guffhander's face, but for my part I think he's an old Camembert.

Well, Bunch, no sooner were we seated at the table than Doc parted his whiskers carefully, coughed to attract attention, then picked up a little-neck clam on the end of his fork and proceeded to give it the third degree.

“The adulteration of food stuffs these days is being carried on to an extent worse than crim-



"Here I see traces of sallysillic acid
with borax-phosphos on this clam."—Page 105.

inal," the old fluff began solemnly. "Ah, even here I see traces of sallysillic acid with borax-phosphos, even here on this clam."

"Put a little tabasco on it and cut loose," suggested Bud Hawley.

"Have a lemon," said Stub. "Squeeze it over the clams and make a wish."

Uncle Peter and Uncle Gregory, the latter refreshed and made hungry by his noisy nap, were the only ones at the table who seemed to take the Doctor seriously.

Uncle Peter listened with marked attention, while Uncle Gregory glanced at his clams and shuddered.

The Doctor ate his unconcernedly.

When the soup came on the Doc lifted a spoonful thoughtfully, then sloshed it slowly back in his plate, while the two old Unkies eyed him nervously.

“It’s bullyon,” whispered Uncle Peter, anxious to prove the soup’s innocence.

“Booyon,” corrected Aunt Martha in a stage whisper to Uncle Pete.

“Here,” said the Doctor, examining his spoonful critically, “here are traces of hydrophosphates and about ten per cent. philharmonic acid.”

“I never eat soup,” gurgled Uncle Greg, “because it’s a waste of good space.”

The Doctor said nothing more, but quietly surrounded his soup.

When the fish was served the Doctor danced over his plate with his fork and said, "Hydrostatic acid with here and there symptoms of manganese germs and a few sulphide microbes."

Uncle Gregory pushed his plate back with a sigh that was pitiful to hear.

Peaches was now so nervous that her hands were doing a shaker duet, and there was a bright pink spot on each cheek.

The others at the table, with the exception of nervous old Uncle Gregory, paid not the slightest attention to Doctor Busyface.

Even Uncle Peter threw away

his germ fear after the clam episode, and took a long chance with everything from soup to nuts.

Next we had some chicken *a la* Maryland, with French-fried potatoes, green peas and asparagus tips.

When Uncle Gregory saw all this his face broke out in a smile, and we could see his appetite roll up its sleeves.

“In this,” the Doctor began again, holding up a chicken wing on his fork, “in this we have a cold storage hen which has been treated with oxalic acid and chloride of potassium to keep it in a shivering state.”

“Pardon me, Doctor,” exclaimed Peaches indignantly, “but it isn’t a cold storage

chicken, because I bought it from Mrs. Riley only this morning.”

“Possibly,” went on Caterpillar Charlie, “possibly my hurried diagnosis was at fault, but we can never be sure about these things, because here, on the elbow of the wing, I find traces of calisthenic acid over the membranes.”

“No, thank you,” said Uncle Gregory, “I never eat chicken, it gives me the heartburn,” and the poor old guy struck such a note of hunger that I wanted to throw that damdoctor out the window.

By this time several others at the table were becoming more or less impressed, and the dinner party was beginning to assume the cheerful aspect of a meeting

of martyrs an hour before the arena opened.

“ Please pass me some French-fried potatoes,” whispered Uncle Gregory after the pangs of hunger had beaten him to the ropes.

“ Here we find,” croaked the Doctor, raising a sliver of potato high on his fork, “ here we find one of the most evil effects of food adulteration. This potato was grown in the fall of the year 1889, but it has been washed in alum water to give it the appearance of being modern, while its eyes have been treated with belladonna to make them bright and snappy.”

Uncle Gregory groaned pathetically, and the rest of us, out of politeness, tried to look inter-

ested, but only succeeded in looking seasick.

When the ice-cream and cake were brought on Doctor Guffhandler drove his spoon down deep into the chocolate and vanilla mixed, and said, "Here is a pitiful illustration of what dishonest tradesmen will do for money. Here we find that some of this ice-cream was pale originally, but it was treated with aniline dye to give it this chocolate effect, and then baked in the sun to deceive the eye. On the other hand, we find this vanilla was originally dark and forbidding, but it has been treated with peroxide of hydrogen to make it more of a blonde."

"Pardon me, Doctor,"

snapped Peaches, her teeth chattering with nervousness, “but this ice-cream was made in our own kitchen by Dora, our own cook, with cream from Mrs. Riley’s own cow, and we never have any but home-made ice-cream, so there!”

“Ah,” said the Doctor, “then in that case it must be traces of thanatopsis which I see, and the evidence is conclusive that a great deal of artificial *frappe* has been used, nevertheless.”

“No, thank you,” said Uncle Gregory, “I never eat ice-cream, because it goes to my head and makes me cold to my friends.”

“Take this coffee, for instance,” chortled the Doctor, juggling a spoonful with the left hand and four lumps of sugar

with the right, "herein you will find copper salts, iodide of chicory, a four-per-cent. solution of gladiolus, together with about a sixteenth of a grain of mocha to the cupful."

"No thank you," gasped Uncle Gregory; "I never drink coffee; it gives me the hiccups."

After the dinner was over, Uncle Gregory took me outside and whispered, "John, for the love of a blissful Heaven, the next time you give a dinner party cut out that bug doctor, or let me wear ear-muffs!"

Peaches hasn't spoken a sensible word since that bitter evening.

Can you blame her?

Yours till the wheels fall off,

JOHN.

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"IT'S UP TO YOU!"

"DOWN THE LINE WITH JOHN HENRY"

"JOHN HENRY"

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JOHN HENRY, Hugh McHugh's first book, reached the 25,000 mark two weeks after it was published. It's popularity since then has been unprecedented.

“John Henry's philosophy is of the most approved up-to-date brand. He is by all odds a young man of the period; he is a man about town. He is a slang artist; a painter of *recherche* phrases; a maker of tart Americanisms.

In this book—it is “little, but oh my!”—John Henry recounts some of his adventures about town, and he interlards his descriptive passages with impressive comments on the men, women, institutions, and places, brought within his observant notice. We need not say that his comments are highly-colored; nor that his descriptions are remarkable for expressiveness and colloquial piquancy. Mr. Henry is a sort of refined and sublimated type of “Chimmie Fadden,” though there is by no means anything of the gamin about him. He doesn't speak in rich coster dialect such as is used by Mr. Townsend's famous character, nor is he a mem-

ber of the same social set as the popular hero of the New York slums. Mr. Henry moves on a higher plane, he uses good English—mostly in tart superlatives—and his associates are of a high social scale.

Mr. Henry's adventures as he describes them here will make you wonder and make you laugh.

His book abounds in bon-mots of slang; of the kind you hear in the theatres when the end-men, comedians and monologists are at their wittiest and best, when they revel in mad and merry extravagances of speech and experience.

It is an art to use street-talk with force and terseness, and although it isn't the most elegant phase of the Queen's English it nevertheless impresses to the Queen's taste. Hugh McHugh has this art."—*Philadelphia Item*.

"John Henry" is only one of the numerous young men who are treating the public to the latest slang through the medium of print nowadays, but he, unlike most of the others, is original in his phrases, has the strong support of the unexpected in his humor and causes many a good laugh. For one thing, he merely tries to make fun, wisely avoiding the dangers of tediousness

in endeavoring to utter immature wisdom in the language of the brainless.

"The author, Hugh McHugh, is thought to be Mr. George V. Hobart. Certain it is that the writer is a Baltimorean, past or present; the local references evidence that. In some places the expressions have the Hobart ring to them. But if Mr. Hobart did write the stories, he has done his best work of the kind yet."—*Baltimore Herald*.

"The humor is of the spontaneous sort that runs close to truth, and it affords many a hearty laugh."—*Cleveland World*.

"As a study in slang it surpasses anything since the days of 'Artie.'"—*The Rocky Mountain News*.

"Written in the choicest slang."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"John Henry." A regular side-splitter, and as good as "Billy Baxter."—*New York Press*.

"It is as good as any of the books of its kind, better than most of them, and is funny without being coarse."—*Portage Register*.

“I’m from Missouri” fully kept up the reputation of the John Henry books. From the day it was published, for six months following, there was no let-up in the popular demand for it.

**CONTENTS OF
“I’M FROM MISSOURI.”**

JOHN HENRY MAKES A CHOICE.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A STATEMENT.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A SPEECH.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A COMPACT.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A NOTE.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A HOLIDAY.

JOHN HENRY MAKES A MAYOR.

"John Henry in the rôle of campaign manager as he appears in 'I'm from Missouri,' is the same breezy, unconventional, amusing personage we have known in years past. He always keeps abreast of the times, in the very van, in truth. His language is up to date, he gathers no moss, he is always doing and saying the unexpected, and somehow he always manages to win out. The book is full of fun and cannot fail to make many new friends for the inimitable John Henry and his wife, Clara J., or Peaches."—*Newark Evening News*.

"A quantity of choice and original slang is poured forth in a bewildering stream in this, the seventh, volume of 'John Henry,' whose author bids fair to rival she of the 'Elsie' books in his penchant for clinging to one character. The description of the hero's trials with the various cooks and the burlesque directions for running an automobile are mildly amusing. Here is a sample: 'I gave him his final instructions. Now, Uncle Peter, I said, grab that wheel in front of you firmly with both hands and put one foot on the accelerator. Now, put the other foot on the rheostat and let the left elbow gently rest on the deodizer. Keep the rubber tube connecting with the auto-

matic fog-whistle closely between the teeth, and let the right elbow be in touch with the quadruplex, while the apex of the left knee is pressed over the spark-coil and the right ankle works the condenser. Start the driving wheels, repeat slowly the name of your favorite coroner and leave the rest to fate!"—*The Designer*.

"‘I’m from Missouri’ presents John Henry as campaign manager for ‘Uncle Pete,’ who is running for mayor against ‘Uncle William,’ backed by ‘Bunch.’ The reappearance of these well-known characters brings joy to the hearts of the laughter-loving public, and as a political satirist the author wins out once more. Most funny men lose their originality, but Hugh McHugh is ever ready with something new. He is slangy and thoroughly up-to-date, but never coarse."—*Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer*.

"Those who enjoy the John Henry books may count upon a most enjoyable evening when reading No. 7 of the series, just out. As a story this is the best of the seven, and in quaint conceptions and expressions it is fully as clever as any of its six predecessors."—*Four-Track News*.

"I NEED THE MONEY" was a big winner from the jump. The interest taken in the Series of "John Henry" books by the general public is really remarkable.

**CONTENTS OF
'I NEED THE MONEY.'**

JOHN HENRY'S PAL.

JOHN HENRY'S PLAN.

JOHN HENRY'S PICNIC.

JOHN HENRY'S PLUNGE.

JOHN HENRY'S PIPE.

JOHN HENRY'S PILGRIMS.

JOHN HENRY'S PIE.

What the Critics Say.

The author of "I Need the Money," the new "John Henry" book, who is George V. Hobart, a former Baltimore newspaper man, is, beyond doubt, one of the most popular of modern slang humorists; more so, probably, than Ade, and with his "Dinkelspiel" stuff almost as much as Dunne.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

George V. Hobart, the New York journalist, is a versatile humorist. As "Dinkelspiel" he is an irresistibly funny German, full of philosophy but hopelessly tangled in his rhetoric. As the author "John Henry" and other humorous productions he has been an acute man of the street and of the rapid avenues of life with all the up-to-dateness of slang that is one of the chief concomitants of such worldly wisdom. Mr. Hobart therefore has strings enough to his bow to warrant the prediction that he will wear much longer than the average funny man has lasted under the strain of humor to order. The G. W. Dillingham Company has just issued a volume of "Eppy Grams by Dinkelspiel" that is full of laugh from cover to cover, and another "John Henry" book, entitled "I Need the Money," in which readers can find delight in Mr. Hobart's humor in the other vein. The pages of the "Dinkelspiel" book are brightened with borders of red, and the other book is illustrated.

—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

Down The Line With John Henry⁹⁰
is the second of the "John Henry"⁹¹
books and quickly followed its predecessor along the highroad of success.

The story of "John Henry at the Races" in "Down The Line" has already grown to be a Classic in Slang. It is brimful of human nature and is amusing in the highest degree.

CONTENTS OF "DOWN THE LINE."

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES.

JOHN HENRY AND THE DRUMMERS.

JOHN HENRY IN BOHEMIA.

JOHN HENRY AND THE HOTEL CLERK.

JOHN HENRY AND THE BENZINE BUGGY.

JOHN HENRY AT THE MUSICALS.

JOHN HENRY PLAYS GOLF.

“‘Down the Line’ is one good laugh from cover to cover, and some of the experiences of this clever man are both amusing and interesting. The book is illustrated with some clever sketches by McKee Barclay.”—*St. Louis Star*.



“As in the former volume, the present collection of stories is concerned with adventures of a man about town. It abounds in the weirdest and newest slang, *recherché* expressions and tart Americanisms. There is much clever satire on the manners and habits of Americans. The ‘down-to-date’ man who is fond of slang will find in the volume a new supply for his vocabulary.”—*Los Angeles Express*.



“In order to enjoy it you have got to tackle it like Wagner and chain yourself down for three or four sittings, and then you are *en rapport*, so to speak. Come again, Jonathan!”—*Denver Republican*.

“It’s Up to You!” is the third book in the John Henry series. This story of domestic bliss relates the adventures of John Henry during his courtship and marriage.

“It’s Up to You!” has been pronounced by critics everywhere the funniest book of the year.

It is no exaggeration to say there is a laugh in every line for this fact is amply demonstrated by the enormous demand for the book.

CONTENTS OF “IT’S UP TO YOU!”

JOHN HENRY’S COURTSHIP.

JOHN HENRY’S WEDDING.

JOHN HENRY’S HONEYMOON TRIP.

JOHN HENRY’S SEASHORE VISIT.

JOHN HENRY HUNTS A FLAT.

JOHN HENRY ENTERTAINS FRIENDS

JOHN HENRY PLAYS PING PONG.

“‘It’s Up to You’ stares out from the yellow cover. From a mere passing sight at the familiar cheese-cloth binding and the portrait of the faultless gentleman in the choker, one might easily think it was an old wandering copy of the original ‘John Henry’; one hardly dares hope it is a new edition of that worthy’s confidence. But it is. And John Henry stabs us with his sentiment. He commences: ‘Seven of us were entered in the race for Clara J.’s affections.’ Then he delightfully tells us how he won out from the ‘other six society shines.’ The chapter explaining his method of dragging papa’s and mama’s consent away from them is clogged with many smiles, and before the finish of the honeymoon trip, the ‘holler’ is certainly ‘Up to You!’ After a bit John Henry hunts a flat. The finding of the flat is the richest slice of the book. He does more—he lives in it—with the consent of the folks above and below; he entertains and concludes the third little volume of his spicy adventures with a game of ping-pong. Now, never mind—All men make mistakes.

“We have not heard near so much about John Henry as we have of ping-pong; we sincerely hope to learn more of the former,

and we fervently pray to be delivered from the latter. However, in the midst of the plague, the half million special newspaper scribes who issue a column of unintelligible rot daily concerning the silly game should each secure a copy of 'Its Up to You' and learn how to write descriptions of ping-pong. It is there with all the lucidity of a press prize fight story. If you must ring in an old subject do it well—and perhaps you will be forgiven.

"There is nothing very long, or broad, or deep in the John Henry books. A man who attempts to criticise a hearty laugh wastes his time, besides betraying his lack of a good dinner. We have heard the tales of John Henry were often written in a single night, and that their first mission was to advertise certain other things, but we will gladly say nothing about it. They are a decided success; they are not copies of things we have read before; they are the cleverest bits of writing yet received from the pen of George V. Hobart. Let us hope that the train boys will not stop selling them."—*Baltimore Herald*.

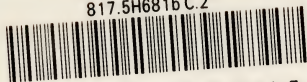
“Back to the Woods,” the fourth of the John Henry series, is without exaggeration one hearty laugh from cover to cover. The cleverly conceived plot and the extremely comic incidents in this book form the basis of the “John Henry” play now so successfully touring the United States.

CONTENTS OF “BACK TO THE WOODS.”

JOHN HENRY'S LUCKY DAYS.
JOHN HENRY'S GHOST STORY.
JOHN HENRY'S BURGLAR.
JOHN HENRY'S COUNTRY COP.
JOHN HENRY'S TELEGRAM.
JOHN HENRY'S TWO QUEENS.
JOHN HENRY'S HAPPY HOME.

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